Saturday March 24th 1849. I arose this morning from my bed with a troubled mind, and harassed with the thoughts of my having that day to leave, my friends, for the long period of two years, and perhaps forever. I descended to the breakfast room, where I found my father sitting with an anxious countenance. His first question was, How we succeeded at our meeting last night. I answered, how much better than we expected every thing had turned out and that we were to leave that day at twelve O'clock. Tears came into his eyes, and he cried bitterly. It was not long before Mother and the rest came in, and they all saw immediately that my time was short. Breakfast was passed over in silence, as we were all too full to speak. After our meal, Father told me, to go up and visit my Aunts, for the last time. I gladly left the house, for it was misery to stay where all felt so badly. I soon visited those most dear to me, and returned home, in time to dress for my departure. I had scarcely finished and entered the room where the family were, when the carriage drove up to the door. Our sad parting was soon over and with a heart almost broke I descended the stairs with my two sisters and entered the carriage. Casting one last look back, I saw my dear Mother stationed at the window, with tears streaming down her aged cheeks. I thought my heart would break, and I leaned back in the carriage, and wept bitterly. We drove down, and stopt at Mr S. Putnams, who soon joined us, and we once more proceeded on our way. We arrived at the Cargo office wharf at twelve o'clock, where we found a large Company assembled on Board the steam Boat Huntress to see us off. The Bell was tolling and I took a last fond embrace of my dear sisters and with Putnam hurried on Board the Boat. The fastenings were soon loosened and we glided away from the pier. I saw the fond forms of my beloved sisters, till they mixed with the gazing crowd, and then I could see the waving of two handkerchiefs, as they seem to waft a long adieu. Cheer upon cheer followed us, and were as quickly returned untill we were out of hearing. As we neared our Barque as she lied quietly moored in the Stream, the cheers could again be heard from the shore and were doubly returned from the Boat and Barque. We were quickly attached to each other, and after having called the roll, we found that our Engineer was behind. This was a serious detriment, but it was too late to remedy the neglegence. The Anchor was soon up, and we were standing out towards the narrows. The Band of Music struck up a lively air, but it was with tearful eyes, that I turned a last fond look towards the city. The tables were set in the cabin, and the ladies now descended leaving the deck void of the bright halo of their countenances. The cabin continued a crowded thoroughfare, untill we reached the lower bay, when it was found necessary from the heavy ground swell, to detach the boats from the side. In this manoeuvre, half was left on the Barque and half on the Steam Boat. We proceeded quietly untill we arrived at the South West Spit when we were once more detatched from the Steam Boat and our anchor dropped. The Boat now came alongside, and took off all our friends, and as we stood with none on Board our Barque but our own Association, a feeling of lonelyness stole over me, and as I looked on board the Boat, I saw many tearful eyes directed towards us. It was a trying scene, to see our relations and friends leave us for such a length of time, and as we parted company, cheer upon cheer followed them untill the echo returned to us, and we could hear each other no more. I found some consolation in the thought that Peter still remained with us, and as night was coming on, I went down to arrange my room. Our evening was spent very pleasantly, and at nine o'clock I turned in. I found that the narrow compass in which I was now confined in, was but a poor substitute for my comfortable bed at home, but as I was weary and excited from the transactions of the day, I soon found myself sound asleep. I awoke early the next morning to find ourselves, in the most disagreeable storm imaginable. It was blowing a gale from the South East, and a fine drisling rain, compelled the most of us to keep to the cabin. As it was impossible to get to sea to-day, we all were much disappointed. The crew busied themselves in securing everything fast on deck, and most of

the Association turned into their bunks. We found that we had company in our loneliness, as the Bark Rapid and the Ships Havre and Hottinguer were all lying at anchor, wind bound. The day passed without anything of interest occuring, except to arranging the affairs of the Association, and we were all glad, when the shades of night fell upon us, Our supper being finished we turned into our rooms to write a few lines to send to Parents at home. I wrote a few lines and tried to throw consolation in them, how far I succeeded I have yet to learn. Having finished our notes we all turned into our bunks, with the happy thoughts of leaving our anchorage on the morrow. I was soon asleep, and, was only awakened by the song of the sailors as they gave way lustily on the windlass in hoisting the anchor. I was soon turned out and
Monday Mar 26 - soon was on deck. The weather had not cleared up, and it was blowing a gale, but the wind had shifted round a little to the South East. As I mounted on deck, the schooner Samuel Fox, bound for California, passed us. We hailed her and as she was to stop at Rio, we told her we would meet her there. Our anchor was soon up and 'catted' and under topsails only we stood out for the sea. The water was very rough, and as everything was in disorder, Wight and I went below and made everything fast. Whilst employed, we heard a great commotion on deck, and running up we saw our Pilots boat coming alongside. I had just time to grasp Peters hand as the Boat shoved off. Tears came to my eyes, but as he felt as bad as I, we both parted in silence. The Steam Boat Hercules was lying off from the Barque, and there the small Boat rowed and left. Callagan, Peter and Jackson. We cheered them untill out of sight, and then we found ourselves standing out to sea. I went down in my room and remained there, untill Wight called me on deck to take a last look at land. The heavens were clouded over, and a snow storm had set in making it very disagreeable to remain on deck. The highlands could scarcely be discerned in the distance, and, all around us soon became one 'aching void'. The wind increased to a gale, and the sea ran very high. Many of the Association were on the Deck sea sick and, I soon found that I was not to be an exception. I was

taken violently sick, and found no place so comfortable as my berth, into which I soon turned. I could eat no meals and was very glad when night set in. In the night the wind increased and the sea continued very rough. We lost our head sail and towards morning a sea struck our stern davy, by which we came near loosing our small boat.

Tuesday Mar 27 This morning the sea continued very rough and myself with the rest naturally continued very sick. At twelve o'clock I came on deck, and was somewhat nervous at seeing the sea running mountains high all round us. My heart misgave me and I was glad when I found myself once more safely ensconced in my berth. I continued here throughout the day and found myself gradually recovering from the effects of sea sickness. I slept soundly at night and found myself with a most voracious appetite on

Wednesday Mar 28. The wind had gone down considerable throughout the night, but we found ourselves in a disagreeable chop sea, which can only be found in the Gulf Stream. The sun shone brightly and enlivened the countenances of the sea-sick portion of our members. At one o'clock we hove in sight of a wreck, showing a flag of distress. We immediately tacked ship and stood for her. We soon came near her and she proved to be the Brig Pilot of Portland. She had on board seven persons composing the master and crew. We lowered the small boat and the mate and four men started for her. They were gone about half an hour when they returned, and reported, that the Captain would not leave her, because we would not return to New York with them. The crew wanted to come and accompany us to Rio, but as the Captain would not leave the wreck, they determined to stick to her also. The mate brought back with him a good supply of Bananas and some Oranges, which we found particularly agreeable. The Brig was from Cardenas and loaded with Fruits and Molasses. We now stood off and as we rounded to and passed her she again made a signal for us to send a Boat on Board. Captain Christianson again complied with their request, and low-end the boat. Whilst we was in the act of doing this a Brig hove in sight, and bore down for the wreck. Our boat went again along side of the wreck. The sea was now making a sweep over her, and the crew had persuaded the Captain to embark on board our Vessel. Our Captain hailed them and pointed out the Brig which was now coming down towards us very fast. The crew of the wreck agreed to await for the new comer, and they again dismissed our small boat well laden with fruit and several boxes of Guava Jelly. By the time the Boat was again to our quarter the Brig was alongside the wreck and busily engaged in lowering her boats. We again rounded to and passed the two vessels and first seeing everything in a fair way for recovering the crew from the unfortunate wreck, we again stood on our course with a fair wind and a sea a good deal moderated. The Excitement, together with the Bananas and Jelly, greatly aleviated the suffering from their sea-sickness, and at the tea-table this evening we found most of our members enjoying a hearty meal.. We were all very much exhausted by the fatigues of the day, and were soon turned in and fast asleep.

The weather for the rest of the week continued variable some days we were enjoying delightful sunshine, which would on the next day give place to rain. The week was spent very pleasantly by our members, we all having again regained our health and spirits.

Sunday April 1st I was awakened this morning by the sun coming through the Port Hole in my room and diffusing its pleasant warmth on things around. We was all soon on deck and found the Barque gliding smoothly and rapidly over the breast of the majestic Atlantic. The studden sails were set and everything betoken to charming day. After having partaken of a hearty breakfast, we were called on the Quarter Deck to Attend Divine Service. The whole Association where there, and it was a most sublime sight as we were all bowing in Prayer beneath the wide expanse of heaven, and with the mild sun shining down upon the uncovered heads of God's sinful subjects. The Reverend Mr Burrill our pastor preached us an eloquent discourse from Proverbs; and as his voice ascended to heaven, it seemed to me the very spot for God to be in our midst. The sea had become comparatively calm, and our spirits were raised high, with the anticipation of a speedy passage. Our time now hung lightly on our hands and as the weather had become unusually fine, we were rapidly wafted on our way. On

Thursday April 19 whilst in latitude 20° above the Equator we encountered a calm, and as the day was very fine, the Captain lowered the Quarter Boat and a party was immediately formed for a row. Twelve of us got in the first boat and started out. The sea was very smooth, having scarcely a ripple on its face, with the exception of its long glassy swell. We rowed round our beautiful Barque and then pulled far ahead of her. Our little boat rode the waves like a duck, and as we rose on the top of the long waves, and then suddenly sank into the trough of the sea; our situation seemed sublime. We again neared the Barque, when one of the sailors on Board, threw our Dog (Panther) over board. The animal swam directly for the small boat and when we pulled him out, he shook with fear. We pulled up on the other side when Charles Lupton jumped in the sea and swam for the Boat. We took him safely on Board, and having satisfied ourselves with our work, we boarded the Linda, and another party took our places for a row. They had hardly got off from the side when a breeze sprung up, and they were glad when they gained the Barque, as she was fast leaving them. When we came up from dinner we was agreeably surprised by finding that we had struck the trade winds. All our studding sails were now run out and we glided rapidly over the water. In the evening the moon rose beautiful and bright, and we collected on the quarter deck to dance. We had quadrills, polkas, and waltzes, and kept it up till midnight. The weather was very hot and some of our boys, carrying their hammocks on deck. We soon all turned in, and awoke early on

Friday April 20 to find ourselves cutting through the water with a nine knot breeze, and all the studding sails set. The day was most beautiful. At twelve o'clock we discerned a sail on our larboard bow, which in the course of the day, we overtook and passed at a distance. She proved to be an American Bark but we was at too great a distance to distinguish her name. We had our dance to-night on the quarter deck, and all turned in at twelve, to enjoy a delicious sleep, as the vessel was sailing so smoothly.

Saturday April 21. We was extremely gratified to find that our trade winds still continue this morning as fine as ever, and that our rate was, about eight knots. The day was delightful and the sea was as calm as the river. At twelve o'clock we discovered a sail off our bow, which in about an hour's time we overtook, and as we neared each other we distinguished her signal from her mast head. She proved to be the Brig Volo from St Ubes bound to Buenos Ayres, laden with salt. We came within speaking distance, and after having spoke her, were standing on our course, when we saw that they were lowering their small boat. The Captain brought the Barque up in the wind and waited for his visitor. In a short time the small boat came up, and her Captain came on board. He was a fine looking man about thirty years old. Captain Christianson and he went down into the cabin, and whilst there, the Brig came gradually up toward us. Our sails were all back, and the sea washed dashed us toward each other. The danger was now imminent and we all sprung to aid in keeping apart if we struck. In less than a minute and we was together. The first concussion carried away our fancy piece, tearing away our monkey rail, and as we struck a second time, the stern boat was stove. As soon as the first shock was felt, both Captains ran on deck, and saw the horrible state in which we were in. Randell (the captain of the Brig) felt very bad, and ordered his boat to go after our fancy piece which was floating far astern. The damage was however trifling and we filled his boat with Codfish and as he started for his vessel he promised to return and take dinner with us. As he left us, Capt Tate proposed taking our quarter boat and rowing after him, as his own boat leaked so badly. Christianson immediately acquiesced in the proposition, and, Capt Tate, selected four to accompany him to the Brig, I being included in the four. We started with two of the crew in the boat with us, and soon reached the Brig's side. Randell welcomed us on board, and led us down into the cabin, where he set six bottles of wine before us, and, would not allow us to leave the room till the bottles were all drained. Randell was a great deal more than half seas over, and two of our own party was in the same predicament. We now went on deck, and found that the only damage he received from our late collision, was the loosing of some of his Studding sail rigging. We now proposed starting for our Barque, but Randell would not hear of it until we had drank again~~more~~, so we were forced to go below once more. Randell, brought out several bottles more of wine and a bottle of lime juice, from which we manufactured some beautiful punch. He brought out a basket of Oranges & Limes and forced the whole of them upon us. When we again started for the deck, Randell was quite drunk. We all got into our small boat, and the Captain ordered in some four dozen bottles of wine which he insisted upon our accepting. Whilst we had been lying along side the Brig, our two sailors had got hold of a bottle of wine, and they two were pretty well intoxicated We were not long in pulling to the Linda, where we found our dinner table set for us, the rest having had their meal. We were soon hard at it, and as I had a Bottle of Champagne still left, I brought it out for our dinner. Randell gave us several appropriate toasts, and sang a song very complimentary to Captain Tate. By the time we came on deck again Randell was far gone and needed a support to each arm. Another party had taken the small boat whilst we were down at dinner, and were paying a visit to our neighbour. The wine which we brought over with us, had got circulated over the Vessel and some few bottles had gone down into the forecastle among the crew. Four of them were drunk already, and the rest were not much better. Randell was sitting on the quarter deck playing checkers, with Mr Rice, when our boat again returned from the Volo. It is with great difficulty that we could get him into the boat, and start for his Vessel We at last got him alongside the Volo and placed him on Board but he again insisted of our descending to the cabin, which we did with reluctance, and there drank the parting glass. When we again ascended on deck, Randell accompanied us and would get over the side into the small boat. After we were all in we lifted him up to the side of the Vessel and two of his men carried him below. We now rowed for our Barque, when upon arriving we stood off and were soon far ahead of the 'Volo'. The wine that the sailors had drank, now began to appear. The mate called two hands on the quarter deck, to take in the Awning, when one of the (Burns the sail-maker) walked up to him, and looked at him, very impudently. Paine asked him, who he was looking at, Burns answered "At you". Whereupon the mate caught him by the head and struck him several times round the head. They were near the Booby hatch, and Paine had Burns but over it punishing him severely, when Bill Smith another hand came up and struck Paine a blow above the eye, cutting his eye open, and causing the blood to run freely. Scott and Charley Thompson were also well in for it, and Charley ran on the forecastle, seizing the harpoon levelled it at Paine, and swearing he would kill him if he touched him. Captain Christiansen now came up, and ordered the sail-maker and Smith to be put in irons, and sent Scott & Thompson below in their bunks to sleep off the effects of the Rum. Order being once more restored, Capt. Tate selected from amongst us, two watches for the night. I was chosen to be on the starboard watch from eight to twelve with seven more, and a like number were chosen for the morning watch. The night turned out to be unusually fine and no disturbance arose and so we of the first watch turned in at twelve o'clock. We was awoke early on

Sunday April 22d and on turning out on deck, found the rebellious subjects all at work again with the exception of Smith and Burns, who were still ironed and stationed aft on the quarter deck. The trade-winds were wafting us rapidly on our journey. Revd Mr Burrill preached us a very appropriate sermon on intemperance and our late mutiny, which we all more or less felt, and at which the sailors attended in their best suits.

Monday April 23d. Fine day, at eleven o'clock we were all piped on the Quarter deck where the Captain held a Court Martial on Burns and Smith. He read over to them the Ships Articles and the laws of the United States relative to Mutiny; Smith apologized handsomely to Paine, and the Captain ordered his irons struck off. Burns was accused by one of the hands of having said that he would 'poison the whole Association,' upon which the Captain ordered his irons to be kept on him and to be so kept in chains until our arrival in Rio, when he would be delivered over to the Authorities. Our week passed off very pleasantly and we continued to make fine progress. On

Saturday April 28. at about eleven o'clock we crossed the equinoctial line, and after a calm of about half an hour, the South East trade wind struck us, and we found ourselves going at the rate of eight miles an hour

The winds continued good for the ballance of the week. We were nearing Rio Janeiro very fast and bets ran high that we would be in at the beginning of the next week. Our hopes were bound to be dissappointed

Sunday April 29. We were awakened this morning, to find ourselves in a most dissagreable South West gale, which was dead ahead. The sea was running very high and the vessel plunging about very unpleasently. We passed a brig about twelve o'clock at a distance, and about four o'clock in the afternoon a ship ran across our stern and stood North East. We was not near enough to either to learn their names. The wind went down at night but head winds continued all the week

Tuesday May 8 At daybreak this morning the second mate descried a large light in the distance, and immediately reported it to the Captain, who reported it to be the wreck of a vessel. He put the vessel about immediately and stood for the supposed wreck. A rain storm having now come up obscured the sight. All was now excitement on board, and by the time the rain ceased some had made her the wreck of a ship whilst some had classed her as the hulk of some small vessel. When the mist rose and we found ourselves near to her, she turned out to be a fishing smack from shore. She was no bigger than our long boat and yet there were some twelve men on board. They held up a fish to us, and inquired in Portugese if we wanted any. We answered, for them to bring us some on board. We waited some time but they paid no attention to us and we concluded that they were too lazy to send us any. We now stood off again and about twelve o'clock were in sight of another smack. We stood for her, and found on reaching her that, she had been out two months, and expected to be three months longer. She was somewhat larger than the one we spoke this morning and had twenty men on board. We lowered our quarter boat, and placing a lot of Codfish on board started her for some fresh fish. She returned shortly with fifteen fish which the natives call "Vamitas". They are very large and of a reddish colour. They had given nine fish for our lot of Salt Cod and six more for two shillings. This was very cheap living. Our interpreter Joe Roux said that they did not know where they were, only that their home lay directly west, and that they were a great way from land. There was one on board that had the leprosy, and another that had a very bad leg. They wanted something to cure them, but as we had nothing at hand, we could not administer to their wants.

Saturday May 12. On turning out on deck we was delighted to find ourselves in sight of land for the first time since leaving our own highlands. The land was very high and turned out to be Cape St. Thomas. We were in sight nearly all day in a calm, and at evening we took a fine breeze and left the land far behind. Early the next morning we all turned out and although it was Sunday May 13 we went up to the mast head to look out for Cape Frio. The fog was hanging over the land and we could obtain no sight. At about ten o'clock the mist rose and immediately before us was Cape Frio. We were standing in for it with a fine breeze and expectation ran high of getting in that night. When about twenty miles from the Cape it calmed down upon us and left us there all the night. The next morning Monday May 14 at about eight o'clock we saw the New York packet Courier standing out. We hoisted our signal which we found, hope she saw and duly reported in New York. At 1 o'clock we took a wind from the South East and with studding sails set stood in for the harbour. The view now was most beautiful. A long chain of mountains extend from the mouth of the harbour to the Cape, giving it a most beautiful appearance. At seven o'clock we made Raza island and after having passed it for about a mile we dropped anchor for the night. We were all in bed by ten o'clock, and after a most refreshing sleep turned on Tuesday May 15 deck. This is a most disagreeably foggy morning. The land breeze was standing out strong, and we could barely see our bowsprit ahead. At ten o'clock the fog cleared up, revealing to us the most beautiful harbour in the world. On our left, towered the majestic Sugar Loaf a thousand feet over our heads, whose bleak and steep sides bid defiance to time and tempest. Still farther to our left, we could discern lofty Corcovado, famous for being the highest peak in the vicinity. On our right and before us were the forts of Santa Cruz & Santa Lucia, and still farther up, the city of Rio Janeiro. In the distance is a magnificent background to the beautiful picture, was the Organ Mountains. All hands were hurried down and all the finer clothes were speedily pulled out, and our old flannels exchanged for Broadway outfits. Upon again appearing on deck, faces seemed entirely changed, and we could hardly distinguish each other. It was now about three o'clock and we were rapidly approaching the city of Rio. Spy glasses were now directed towards the shipping to find what vessels had arrived before us. First we passed the Brig Toronto from Boston and ahead of her lay the Ship [illegible] and Schooner Saml Fox from New York. We found on enquiry that we had beat the [illegible] time two days and that the Schooner had beat us the same number. We came to anchor off the first guard boat, and immediately the Custom House Officers came on board. They were Portuguese, and came in great state. Their boat was rowed by eight slaves nearly naked, and steered by a Portuguese who spoke the English language imperfectly. The two officers were seated in the stern of the boat under a large canopy, and above them waved the Brazilian flag. Their stay was short, and as they were descending to their boat, a Lieutenant from the French man of war came on board. Whilst he was below, a small boat was seen coming towards us and at her stern was floating the stars and stripes. It was the cutter from the United States Brig Perry. A midshipman came on board and delivered to the Capt. a letter from the U. S. Consul at Rio. It was written as a note of invitation to the city; and with a warning for our good conduct whilst among the Portuguese. It was received in a kindly spirit by the passengers and after all the officers had left us we were boarded by a number of merchants from the city soliciting custom. With one of these [illegible] then we left with him for the shore. His boat was rowed by four slaves stripped to the skin with the exception of a small cloth around their loins. We landed at what is called the Palace Stairs which is immediately in front of the 'Hotel Pharoux'. The city as you view it from the water, has a rather dingy sad appearance. The houses are of stone and roofed with tiles. They have generally a balcony from the second story, and the windows are all down to the floor. The hotel

"Pharoux" is about as fine a building as there is in the place. It is a French house and conducted on French principles. To the right of the hotel is a large square and in the centre is the fountain. To this the slaves congregate, and distribute the water around to families and stores carrying it in large buckets on their heads. Back of the fountain is the Emperors Palace, a building that will class with our third rate buildings in New York. I was not inclined to know that that was the Palace of an Emperor. There is a mounted guard on it all the time composed entirely of Blacks. The Emperor comes in the city every Saturday afternoon and leaves again on Monday. To the right of this Palace is the Emperors Church. Outwardly it is not prepossessing and as it was not a feast day or Sunday we deferred entering it. We then came to the Rua Direita the largest street in the Place. We soon came to No 13 which was Mr Hues store. Hue is an Englishman but has lived in Rio for the last twenty years. His store is kept on English principles, and although it was in a side [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mr [illegible] [illegible] had previously lived in Rio, and [illegible] the Hotel d'Europe was we proposed stopping for the night. The Rua Direita is about as wide as Bleeker street and paved on both sides with [illegible] [illegible] story buildings. The Custom House stands in this street but is a very inferior looking building. We turned up the first street we came to, which was the Rua Ouvidor the Broadway of Rio Janeiro. This is the most commercial street in the place and kept exclusively by the French. There are some splendid stores, but the stock seems for the most part to be in the windows. We soon came to the Hotel d'Europe which is the finest Hotel in the place. It is kept by a French firm. In the dining room we met Capt [illegible] the Ship [illegible], who informed me that they had had a remarkably bad passage and met with a gale in the Gulf Stream which drove them up North. We here had some beautiful drink manufactured in Rio which was very much like lemonade. It was delicious to get a cool drink of sweet water after having for so long a length of time been fed on the putrid water board ship. After doing justice to the liquor, we [illegible] off to the brig in our [illegible] and started to reconnoitre our whereabouts. We passed up the Rua Direita and passed several fine Stores. The goods looked decidedly American, but the keepers looked different. The Portuguese are a dim sickly looking set and the women are little better off. I saw no handsome Portuguese women in the place but plenty of ugly ones. We stopped in to the Art Union, but it was a miserable show of poor paintings. We passed on past the large theatre, which outwardly is a handsome building, and I am told that inwardly it surpasses anything of the kind in the States. It was not open during our stay in Rio and so we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing the building, and also of hearing the Italian opera Company which they say are superb. Night was now fast coming on and we stopt at Santa Anna's square, which is an immense place lighted with Oil lamps suspended from the sides of the houses. We then turned into a side street and turned back for the Hotel. We stopt at an Orange stand and bartered for some Oranges. The slave told us in Portuguese that we could have ten for a dime. Not exactly understanding the Currency we offered her an American coin. This she laughed at and we were forced to get a shilling changed and then got our Oranges. They tasted delicious, and considerably aided our pedestrian efforts toward the Hotel. On arriving there we found some more of our party there at it before a most delicious supper. This now being ready for us, we turned to with a most excellent appetite. Maccaroni Soup, Fish, Steaks, Potatoes, Bread & Butter, Claret Wine and Coffee with Milk composed our supper. It was truly a Portuguese dinner and was relished in great part by our party. We were an unusually long time at the table, and after finishing our most delightful supper, we bargained for a room for our party of seven. This we obtained in the Hotel for two dollars a night. We then went out to get our first night view of Rio. We visited several stores, and passed a great number of Americans who were stopping there on their way to the diggings. We dropt in to the Hotel d'Union where we found a regular Yankee Bar tender, with the down East name of Jones. He furnished us with some delightful drinks and was very desirous of our stopping with him. His Bar room was crowded with Americans, and take it altogether it was a scene of true [illegible] life

We next walked down to the Hotel Pharoux, where we met some more of the boys who had taken their lodgings at the above house. They and a number of boys from the Somerset in the Billiard Room, who told us that they had slept one night in the city at one of the Hotels, and that they were nearly eat up by the vermin. This startled us, and we immediately put it to vote whether we should go back to the Hotel for the night or return to our old quarters on board the [illegible]. The thoughts of the Bugs decided us, and we accordingly hired a boat and started for the ship, leaving Mr Roux and one more behind. The boat in which we was rowed off in was rowed by two miserable slaves, who had picked up a smattering of the English language from the number of Californians that had stopt there. They spoke little but swore much and were particularly disgusting in their looks. They put us on board and seemed well pleased when we had all paid them our ten cents. Nearly all hands had returned on board to pass the night, being frightened off from the same cause as us. We soon turned below, I brought my bed and laid it on our dining table, was soon fast asleep. I was awake early

Wednesday May 16, and soon dressed to go on shore. I took a small breakfast, and having got together a small party we started for the city. We walked up to Smith Hoes store, where we met Mr Roux, who told us that the keeper of the Hotel felt very mad because we did not return, and had made him pay the same as if we had all of us stayed at his house. We settled with Mr Roux, and started on some minor voyages of discovery. We were attracted by the shrill blowing of a horn, and found that they were relieving guard at the palace. We started to see the manœuvres, and found about two dozen niggers drawn up in a line, and commanded by a white. They looked mighty insignificant, and a more contemptible looking set I never seen. They marched in no order and seemed to care for no one. After seeing the guard walked from the square into the palace; We next visited the Custom House, which is a mean looking building. Any package of goods admitted into the port is opened, even if there is a thousand of the same sort. There is about ten men in the Custom House and half them seemed to have nothing to do. We were considerable while looking round when as our appetite told us dinner time was coming on we left

to replenish our stomachs. On our way down we stopt to look in to the Convent of the Black Friars. Their rules forbid their admitting strangers but we was met by a young Friar who looked as if he would have given worlds to have got out of that Black Hole. The Convent is a miserable looking prison like building having the windows heavily grated on the outside. We started for the dining room where we did ample justice to some beef steaks and potatoes. We here found that there was to be a performance at the theatre in the evening. Our party concluded to go, and we accordingly adjourned to the theatre to engage seats. The "Teatro de St Janeiro" is situated in "Rua Teatro" which much resembles the alley running in the rear of the "Old Park" at home. The whole of the dress circle together with the first and second tiers are divided off in private boxes, all owned by private individuals. These persons congregate about the door of the house, and sell their boxes to the public for each representation. Consequently we found the door blocked by these speculators who were all eager to sell us a box. Their asking price was five dollars, but at last we got a box in the dress circle for two dollars and a half. We were all on hand at eight o'clock, and as they took no tickets at the door, about twenty came in on one ticket. The house is lighted with oil and is an extremely ill painted with miserable decorations. The whole end of the building is thrown into a large chamber or box for the Emperor. The curtains were drawn across it this evening and so we had no chance of seeing it. The audience were all Portuguese and a mighty ugly looking sett as I most ever saw together. The performance consisted of a play in five acts called Carlos II Rei d'Inglaterra, a dance and concluded with a farce. As the language spoken was all Portuguese, it was very uninteresting to us. The scenery was miserable, but the actors seemed to acquit themselves very creditably. We staid until the dance was over, and then left. We all started for the Hotel d'Europa to put up for the night. They had but one room in which five of our party slept, and James White and myself turned in on the sofas, down in the dining room. We were soon fast asleep, and were not troubled by the insects. We were awakened early the next morning by
Thursday Mary's knocking at the door, being a signal to get up. We turned out, and found it to be a most beautiful day. We sat down to a most delightful breakfast, and made up a party for a horseback ride. We immediately started

to look up the animals, but we were doomed to disappointment. No horses fit to ride could be procured. I found my Spanish of much use to me here, as I could make any Portuguese understand my wants by speaking Spanish to them. As horses could not be procured that day we started for the market. This is situated by the edge of the Bay, and is a very neatly arranged affair. The centre is a square with a fountain in the middle, whilst around it, slaves and blacks of all sorts and sizes are seated selling, fruits and vegetables. There is a superintendant amongst the slaves, and every three times a day, they have to take up their stall and stock and scrub the stone floor. This gives the market a clean healthy appearance. If the slaves do not go to work with a will, the superintendant takes his cowhide and lashes them into it. The female slaves are dressed in the most disgusting manner. Some have hardly any clothing on at all, and nearly all have their bosoms hanging outside their dress. I saw one female who had a negro baby laying naked on the burning stones and which was crying piteously, take it up and whip it with her breast. We purchased Oranges here as large as your two fists (eight for a dump (2½ cents) On one side of the square which forms the market, is the fish stands and meat market. The beef looked like horses hide but the fish looked fresh and fine. On the second side of the square are arranged the vegetables stands, in which Onions and garlick are predominant. The third side contains live stock of all kinds. Dogs, ducks, rabbits and monkeys with parrots and all sorts of tropical quadrupeds and bipeds. The fourth and last side, contains Crockery and Earthenware stands, and most all of the latter are domestic manufacture, and of the commonest kind. There is a large gate way on each side of the square and at the portal stands a [illegible] of the catholic church dressed in all his canonicals with a silver plate in his hand, to receive the alms for his church. They all seemed to be well patronized for all their dishes were well filled with paper bills and coppers. On leaving the market we walked down to Dikes Store and left an order for some private ship stores, and also for some few articles to send back home. Here we found that the Emperors church was open, so we crossed over, and went in. There are no pews nor no seats, and it is evident that those who go in stay only long enough to say a prayer, or to witness the ridiculous proceedings of the monks. There are eight large

altars in this chapel, profusely ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. The images were looked at as if they were demons there, deeming the act irreligious. The wax candles were all burning, and each altar was decked with a full length portrait of each of the saints. The monks were in the midst of their prayers and their chantings and screeching were carried on in a voice by no means sotto voce. Their devotions seemed to me to be more a custom than a peace offering, for they would turn and laugh with each other, and especially with the female portion. The building itself is in design inwardly shaped much like Trinity church, but it is by no means so handsome or massive. We left this house with feelings of pity for the miserable belief of its proprietors. On our way to dinner we passed by a house on the stoop of which was a female slave, and a colored physician who for some malady in the poor woman, was performing the painful operation of cupping. It produced a cold chill to see the man run his lance in the poor womans head, who bore the operation with singular composure. After it was completed the doctor gathered his instruments together and walked, whilst the woman returned to her fruit stand. Passing on we passed the slaves barber shop, which consisted of a wire stand, by the side of the fountain. A slave was undergoing the process of barberizing, and from the way in which his face and mouth moved, we would judge that the razor was by no means sharp. We now sat down to a first rate dinner at the Pharoux, and afterwards spent an hour in [illegible]. As we were all very tired, by nine o'clock we started for the Vingo, without however having made up a party for the morrow. We found a large party on board and as we were all very tired and sleepy, we soon dropt asleep. We were soon risen the next morning, and having taken our breakfast, walked down to
Friday May 18 the ferry boat, to cross over to Porto Praya. The ferry boat employed here, is a miserable specimen of workmanship. The steam engine was imported from England but does by no means reflect credit on the builders. The boat itself is of home manufacture, and bears comparison with the engine. The bay at our place of crossing is about two miles, and we were somewhat more than half an hour crossing. We were landed on a long pier, and at its termination found ourselves in a most delightful little village

I most ever was in. It extends along the waters edge, for about a mile, fringed the whole length by Palm trees. We were surprised to see here an innumerable number of locusts and lizards. The latter were running up the sides of the banks and dotting the ground in frightful numbers. We walked back in the country, and past by several beautiful country seats. At one of these we were attracted by the gambolings of a pet monkey. He was playing in the window sill, and was the most diminutive creature of the kind I ever saw. I went up to the window and found the room tenanted by two young ladies. They appeared very sociable, and when we left we gave them the regular "Portuguese touch." We then wandered on and entered a large plantation overgrown with Mango and Banana trees. After strolling for a couple of hours in the fields and woods, we started on our return to Porto Praya, and on entering this delightful little place, we were attracted by the sign (Cafe Français) This all agreed was the place for dinner. I was accordingly made spokesman and ordered a splendid steak with veal cutlets, onions, potatoes and all the delicacies of the season. As we were very hungry, we done ample justice to our delicious meal. It was a long while and the shades of night was fast coming on when we started on our return to the city. We crossed in the same boat and on our arrival in Rio we were all glad to get in a small boat and steer home. Our slumbers were very sweet ones and it was late on the following morning that we awoke to go on shore.

Saturday May 19

We brought our letters with us and left them at Mr Drake who promised to see them on board the Bordeaux. We started up the Rua Ouvidor, with the intention of visiting the museum. We got nearly up to it, when we came across some of our members, returning. They told us that the Museum was not worth seeing, so we concluded not to go. On our way back we met one of our members, (Mr. Stagg) who told us that he had brought the dog on shore, and that he had run round so much that it was impossible for him to keep him, so that he had left him at the Hotel Lion in the Rua Ouvidor. I knew immediately that the dog would never stay with strangers, and therefore we immediately started to look after him. The Hotel is kept by a Frenchman and his wife, who is a beautiful young woman. On our entering they were in a peck of trouble, and enquired if there was any one in the party who could talk

Frenchman. I immediately inquired in case that I could. Then they told me, that after Stagg had left Panther, they tied him in the area of the house, but that he howled so piteously they were obliged to send a servant with him, to a third story room, so that his noise would not annoy the neighbours. After he was left, the dog knawed his rope, and jumped out of the third story window into the street breaking his fore leg and neck. He died immediately. When we arrived, Panther was still laying in the hall but on account of the excessive heat had began to smell bad. His collar and muzzle was still on him, and S. told the Frenchman to keep these in remembrance of the dog. Panther looked so natural that we all felt bad to leave him. On our way back, we passed by the large fountain or rather reservoir. There was at least fifty large faucets and each of these was manned by one or more negroes filling their water-tubs. In the street were wenches washing dirty clothes from the refuse water. We stopped at the Hotel Pharaux on our way back and refreshed ourselves with a splendid dinner. After this we went on board the Linda and rigged our sail boat for an excursion on the bay. We started with a pleasant party and steered for the United States brig of war Perry. After having surrounded her we started for Prato Praya. The sail was beautiful in the extreme, and as the day was lovely we all enjoyed exceedingly. Landing on a beautiful sandy beach we hauled the boat on shore, and all turned in for a bath. The water was very warm, and it was five o'clock before we started to return. On our again landing in the city we found that the Emperor was to grace the Opera this evening with his presence. We determined therefore on seeing his highness. At seven o'clock we repaired to the theatre and paid one dollar for admission into the Orchestra. The house was brilliantly lighted and the attendance large. At eight the band struck up the national air and the Emperor entered his box followed by some six of his ministers. Don Pedro is a man about six foot high, and has a very pleasing countenance. He was dressed very plain and with the exception of the diamond cross on his breast he wore no jewels. There was no enthusiasm on his entrance, but he entered and sat down in profound silence, which led me to suppose that his appearance among his people is of frequent occuronce. The pieces performed were the French comedy of "Mathias l'Invalide" and the Opera in French of "Barbiere de Seville". These were both very well executed. The 'Figaro' of the Opera was excellent, as also the Don Basilio. A new Prima Donna was presented that evening in the character of Rosina. She acquitted herself splendidly, and was rewarded by frequent bursts of applause. The Emperor seemed highly pleased and joined heartily in the applause. Between the pieces I went out to inspect the Emperors carriage. It stood in front of the private entrance to the theatre, and was a most shabby affair for an Emperor. The vehicle was English made and resemble our hack coaches. It was drawn by eight white mules, and each of these was backed by a postillion. There was a similar conveyance aside of his for his suite. The Opera closed at eleven and we made our way down to the landing. Our boat had gone, and the boatmen seeing our predicament demanded four times the usual price to put us on board. We refused paying, but they would not come down an inch and so we were forced at last to pay them what they demanded. We started from the Stairs promising to spot the man that demanded the fare. On our way out the slaves informed us that their master was a perfect Scoundrel. He would whip them unmercifully, for the most trifling offences. If they had money given them and did not deliver it to their master he would flog them till the skin was raw. We was not long in getting on board, where we soon turned in. The next morning being

Sunday May 20 we dressed ourselves with the intention of going to church, but on arriving on shore we found out that it was a considerable distance to the Protestant church, so we decided to visit Butto-Fogo. This romantic little place is situated to the East of Rio, between it and the Sugar Loaf. We started in the ferry-boat and after a pleasant sail of an hour we landed. The place is small, but neat, and as there was not much to be seen of consequence, we determined upon hiring a conveyance, and ride out to the Botanical Garden. Our party was composed of six, and after some trouble we succeeded in hiring a concern, made to accommodate two comfortably for five dollars. Two donkeys were stretched into the poles, on one of which a tall darkey mounted as Postillion. With some difficulty all of us succeeded in jamming in, after having in the most approved carpenter style dove-tailed our legs. The day was most terribly warm, but as the donkeys paced the whip admirably, the current of air through our conveyance was greatly increased. After a delightful ride of one hour we arrived at an inn just this side of the Garden. Here we halted and on entering the house, found the dining saloon tenanted by a party of Germans from the Ship Talisman bound to California. We learnt the news from them and then started on foot for the Garden. The outside and entrance has a very unprepossessing appearance, being composed of a low hedge fence, and the gate is a miserable affair and no way in keeping with the magnificence inside. After passing the entrance you are struck with the regularity and beauty of the different paths, and you are at fault which way to turn. We proceeded along a gravelled walk, lined on each side with palm, cocoa-nut and orange trees, whose fragrance filled the air. The fruit was hanging in clusters and as it was not forbidden to eat, we followed the instructions of our guide and eat of each. Turning into another path, we were shown the bread-fruit trees. The fruit was still green, but from its looks, I was led to suppose that when ripe, it is delicious. At the end of this lane we came to the "Arbour", which certainly reflects great credit on the Portuguese gardeners. It is built or rather grows on a high bank, leading up the sides of which is grassy steps, covered with all kinds of exotic plants. The Arbour is one complete vine, and as large as a small house. They have so trained it, as to form natural doors and windows, and the appearance from the inside and out is beautiful in the extreme. In the centre is placed a table of gray marble, and this is the only artificial appendage in this heavenly place. We here took a good rest, and after leaving it we stopt to look at the surrounding scenery from the bank of grass. At the back of the Garden the immense hills of the Organ Mountains rise in majestic grandeur, covered from one year end to another with eternal verdure. Low lands extended all around us on the three other sides and in the distance could be descried the mighty ocean. We now continued our tour. We were pointed out the clove tree, and the fragrance from it is delightful. The cloves are ripe and of a deep red colour, but the taste was no different than when they are dried. Banana and oranges were around us in great profusion, and on the thick clumps of cane were the names of personages of all sects and nations, but of them all the American predominated. To [illegible] [illegible] we added our names, and again cut them on several palm trees. Our guide showed us the cinnamon and pomegranate trees, and described to me in Spanish all the different exotic plants. They have attempted to cultivate the tea-plant but they have a very poor specimen. However as none of us had ever seen the article growing, it was a decided novelty. In wandering round examining all and everything we found many worthy of minute examination. At twelve o'clock the carriages began to arrive from the city and the ladies were flocking down in scores. There were however no Venus amongst the whole, and after having tired our patience in trying to find one good looking one amongst the thousands, we started back to the inn. After having duly refreshed our inner man we ordered the cars round and once more bundled in. Our driver gave us a good leg back and about five o'clock we arrived at Rio once more. We walked to the Hotel Pharoux and partook of a fine supper, and at eight o'clock as our boat had arrived, we all prepared for a start back. It was very dark and after we had all got comfortably seated in the boat, one of our number, Henry Kelly being near-sighted walked off the abutment, and falling heavily on a pile of stones, broke his arm. We got him into the boat with difficulty and when he arrived on board the pain was so great, that he fainted away. Luckily the Doctor was on board, and in a very short time his arm was reset, although the pain continued to be excessive. After this we retired to bed. The next morning I woke up with pretty stiff joints but

onday May 21. as a party had formed to fish, I consented to join them. We went on shore after breakfast and procured some bait fish and returning on board rigged our boat for a start. We fished all day with fisherman's luck and returned on board having enough of Rio fishing for the present trip. We went to bed early mighty sleepy

uesday May 22. This morning I determined to have a ramble round the suburbs of Rio. I started with two others and visited all the crooks and corners of the place. The filth and dirt drove us out in some places and the stench in others. Returning we stopped in to the Hotel Lion where I had a nice flirtation with the little french woman. Here I learnt that poor Panther was duly buried in the bay, and that his muzzle and collar were given as a recompense for his funeral expenses. We took our supper here and found out that when you flirt with a grisette you have to pay the piper. Our dinner amounted to a pretty little sum, but as it was a pretty woman demanded it of course it was paid

Wednesday May 23d. A party of seven of us consisting of George Grant, Charles Gibbs, Alex^r Strong, W. Robinson, W. L. Cross & John L. Moore and myself started from the Barque at seven o'clock, with the intention of reaching the summit of the Sugar Loaf, regardless of all hazards. After an hours strong pull in the boat, we landed at eight o'clock on a sandy beach, in front of a planters house, about a mile from the base of the Loaf. Dragging our boat high on shore, we fastened the painter to a palm tree, and carrying our oars and movables from the boat deposited them in charge of the owner of the hut. We then armed ourselves with the boat hook, and started on the ascent of a mountain distinct from the Loaf, but which in itself was a formidable obstacle to overcome. On our way up for an hundred yards above the hut, orange trees were in great abundance, and as it is the season for this fruit, the trees were bending under the load, while on the ground the oranges were rotting in total neglect. It reminded me of my own fair land, where in the Orchards, Apples were laying in less profusion, than the Oranges we were now treading upon. We here halted to fill our pockets and stomachs, and after that we continued ascending. Some two hundred feet farther on, we found ourselves confronted by a ledge of rocks, some seventy feet in highth, and very slightly off the perpendicular. In the ascent some one of us poor devils would often be caught hanging on by our nails and toes to the smallest fragment in the rock, and then would have to claim assistance from those more fortunate who were ahead of us. In these dilemmas we found the boat hook a God send as it always extricated us from our troubles. After a weary toil and having thrown all our Oranges and unnecessary incumbrances away, we arrived on the top of the ledge and found footing in mother earth. We now struck into a most dense forest of Palm trees and vines. These latter we found to be a perfect torment to us, as they were loaded with briars, and every moment would become entangled in our limbs, making it double work to proceed. Our steps were now numbered, and as the day was of intense heat our progress was slow. In about two hours time we arrived at the summit of this first mountain and to our disappointment we found we had started on our journey at the wrong spot, and that as yet we had our labour for naught as we had to descend this mountain on the opposite side and strike up on the Sugar Loaf from the side towards the sea. From the side of the Sugar Loaf which was towards us, we could not cull any pleasing anticipations of a pleasant trip. This side was an immense perpendicular rock; no signs of vegetation could be distinguished upon its barren sides, and naught save the holes of the immense snakes gave any signs of life. After resting ourselves, we commenced the descent towards the sea, hoping to find a more desirable point to ascend, or a better way to retrace our steps. After an hour's toil in which our feet and hands suffered from the briars, we reached the rock bound base of the Sugar Loaf. The rocks here were young mountains in themselves, and shows very conclusively the truth of the tradition that at some time long past an eruption of the earth must have divided this high mountain, dashing one half into a thousand pieces, whilst the remainder looms proudly aloft bidding defiance to all around. On looking at these immense pieces of stone our spirits drooped, and half the party determined to return, but as the other half were resolutely resolved to continue, the rest joined in, and we continued on clambering over the rock on all fours, to the eternal destruction of pants and shoes. As we lowered ourselves from rock to rock the sea would dash amongst our pedestals with tremendous roars. After continuing our route for a mile further we all came to a halt, and found that we were all entirely destitute of eat and drink. In our hurry to get off we had entirely forgot to provide ourselves with anything to eat or drink, and we had all began to suffer sadly for something to cool our inward man. We consoled ourselves that most mountains have springs gushing from their sides, and never thought that this would prove an exception, so we continued on. As some were more fatigued than others, our string was long, and we extended our line some far ahead of others. Smith being in the advanced guard was proceeding very incautiously amongst the rocks and breakers, when a sea struck him, throwing him far into the crevices of the rocks. He truly thought his day was come, but with considerable difficulty he succeeded in gaining a point of the rock, on which he quickly climbed up, beyond the reach of the waters, with the loss of his cap and his clothes soaking wet, receiving a good cooling from his impromptu bath. We were all more cautious after his accident, and continued crawling on, under rocks, and through crevices crawling like a snake on our stomachs, and next jumping from point to point far above the waves. At twelve o'clock we found ourselves at the very base of the Loaf at the ascending point, and as we looked up its almost perpendicular sides, we were somewhat stunned and half decided to return, but as we had already surmounted so much, we determined to continue on at all hazards. We again started with a will, but for some few hundred yards we encountered the vines, which now became very annoying, and as we had to proceed on all f our hands and knees suffered tremendously. At times we would be obliged to slip a huge thorn from our flesh, and soon our hands were sore enough. At two o'clock we reached the boundary of the woods, and now we found that the worst of our journey was yet to come. Rocks and Precipices confronted us, and presented a dreary road for pleasure walkers. Grant now began to feel the bad effects from his fall and it was with difficulty he proceeded. Our progress was very slow and our spirits began to flag as we were all suffering dreadfully from want of water. William Case here cheered us up by informing us that a party from the Ship Christopher Colon who had ascended the Peak some two months before had left a Bottle of Claret on the summit, for the benefit of future adventurers. This information inspired us with new strength and we started once more. After toiling on for an hour, crossing ravines, and climbing precipices, we found ourselves at the foot of a ledge of rocks some fifty feet in highth. Here we all determined to stop and we stretched ourselves in the long grass. As we had heard considerable in the city of the snakes that abounded on this mountain, Gibbs called us into a formal meeting, and we each promised that if we any of us should happen to get bit by a snake, that one of the rest should immediately suck the poison from the wound. To this we all faithfully promised. Water being the only thing we now desired, a start was again made, if not to reach the article desired at least to try to gain the Bottle of Claret. We hoisted Grant on our shoulders and by dint of hard scratching he succeeded in getting a foot hold in the rocks when he discovered just above his head the end of a rope, the other end of which was fastened firmly to the rocks at the other end of the ledge. Here was a most fortunate discovery, and weak and jaded as we were we all hauled ourselves up to the top of the ledge. Here we laid down again, but as we were now rapidly nearing the summit, and the Claret appeared nearer, we left our last ground with [illegible] hopes. The mountain was here covered with an immense quantity of snake grass and through this we were obliged to proceed on our hands and feet. We were all on the lookout for reptiles, which made our feeling at that time none of the pleasantest. We here discovered a species of palm leaf in which water had lodged from the late rain. We immediately armed ourselves with straws, and although the water was filled with spiders, ants and other insects, the drops that we succeeded in getting from some of these leaves tasted pleasant, but this was only adding fuel to the fire, and we were obliged to start on again no more refreshed, and feeling our thirst gradually gain on us. We ploughed our way on through the long grass, at a pace which was much behind a walk. At half past three o'clock we found ourselves in an hundred yards of the top, but as we neared the haven the ascent became more difficult. Within twenty yards the perpendicular decreases, and we found woods once more. Running on through these as fast as our weary limbs could carry us, we at last came in sight of a pile of stones which supported a staff on which was nailed the American flag, the glorious stars + stripes. The flag and staff were both on the ground having been prostrated by the storm. To the staff was attatched an empty Claret bottle in the neck of which was a card containing the names of four adventurers who had ascended the Sugar Loaf on the 24th of March, the very day on which the 'Linda' had left the port of New York. We looked earnest round for the Bottle of Claret which we had vainly supposed we would find, but like most other things in life, founded on supposition, it answered to that passage in the Scriptures "Vanity of Vanities all is Vanity". Moore, Sterling and myself were the first three that arrived at the Staff, and we immediately set to work replacing the banner, and adjusting the stones. The flag was very much torn, most of the stripes being rent apart, but the stars were all there perfect. The rest now coming up, we all crowded round the Staff and proposed three cheers for the Stars + Stripes, and three for the accomplishment of our undertaking. These were given with a good zest although our voices were most gone. The rest of our party threw themselves down for a nap, but as the sight was not an every day one I determined to take advantage of it. The peak of the Loaf is about ten feet square, and commands one of the finest views in the world. The ancient city of Rio with its beautiful tributaries of Botto Fogo, St Domingo and Porto Praya lies at your feet in all their tropical beauty, bounded by the beautiful Bay, studded by its innumerable islands, whose waters extend until arrested by the magnificent Organ Mountains, whose lofty peaks loom aloft in grand dignity in the distance. On our left toward the cloud capped "Corcovado" whilst immediately beneath us looms the ancient fort of Santa Cruz, with its hundred guns. Casting our eyes to sea-ward we descried the American banner, floating proudly from the gaff of two vessels entering the harbour, and as we take a bird's eye view of the number of vessels laying at anchor, we can distinguish our beautiful 'Linda' as she lies quietly in the stream. As I looked towards the west

I was astonished to find that the sun was not more than an hour high. I woke of the boys, and reminded them that the hours were fast passing over. They rose almost fagged out; when I pointed out to them the 'Linda'. Three cheers were proposed for her and given. We then wrote our names on a card and the date and placed them with the other card in the bottle tying it again to the staff. We now tried to find a more expeditious way of descending, but all our efforts proved in vain, and we were obliged to start again to retrace our steps after having given three hearty cheers for all adventurers who had preceded us. Possessing ourselves of a peice of flag as a momento, we plunged into the woods on our return We found the vines and briars very tormenting, on arriving at the grass we seated ourselves on our latter end and slid down the steep declivities, finding this mode of proceeding much preferable and more accelerating. We made short marches as our thirst was oppressive. On arriving at the rope, three of our party passed down safely, when I took hold and having descended some twenty feet the rope parted, and down I went some fifteen feet further. When falling the nether part of my pants caught a projecting rock, leaving me minus this important part of my apparel. Luckily this was the only material injury I received. The rest were more careful and soon we found ourselves half way down the Loaf. We now struck into a new path, and found our limbs again entangled in vines which caused us several times to measure our lengths on the ground. Half way down this second descent we came to an immense perpendicular rock some hundred feet in depth. I took the lead and had proceeded down half way, when I heard something come thundering down behind me. At first I conjectured it was a stone but on turning round I saw Strong sliding down the declivity at a fearful rate when he arrived opposite to me his heels struck into the rock and turning heels over head, continued those interesting evolutions untill he arrived at the foot of the rocks. We all thought this was the last of poor Strong, but when he planted his feet once more on Earth he got up and shook himself, seemingly he was not injured; but it was miraculous he was not killed. At six o'clock we were again clambering over the rocks at the base of the Sugar Loaf, and famished for a drink. The clouds above warned us of the approach rain, and the strong breeze from the sea, cooled our heated bodies. Exhausted almost to fainting we toiled on, and by the time we arrived at the base of the second mountain, the shades of night were falling fast. The thickening clouds, warned us of the approach of rain, so toiling on, our hands and feet cut with briars and thorns we arrived at night at the foot of the mountain, with the gloomy prospect of spending the night in the woods. Some of us were for trying to reach the boat, whilst the others were anxious to spend the night on the rocks. The rain now commenced to fall, and as we found it impossible to remain here on the rocky beach, so taking the lead I commenced working the way up the steep ascent, and as the darkness was intense, we were obliged to follow close in each others steps. We continued to toil on, but when half way up the ascent, I found all my strength gone, and I fell down fainting from want of food and drink. The rest all saw the uselessness to attempt to proceed, and picking out a place of shelter beneath a large tree, we stretched ourselves out on the wet ground. I had all the day toiled through the heat with my heavy pea-jacket on, but now I found the benefit of a little suffering from heat. The rain now commenced to descend unmercifully, and those who were not lucky enough to have jackets were soon soaked to the skin. Henry being one of those unlucky ones, I shared my coat with him, and laying close to each other we were soon fast asleep. At twelve o'clock we were awoke by Gibbs who swore he heard a snake amongst the leaves. This startled all of us and after listening for some time, we concluded it was only the rain falling. We woke with our mouths parched up, and hardly able to speak. We took a handkerchief and holding it by the four corners untill it became saturated with rain, and then squeezed the fluid in our mouths. This somewhat relieved us, and sent us again into a gentle slumber. At daylight we awoke little refreshed, and continued our way slowly up the hill, and by short marches, arrived at half past six o'clock in sight of an Orange tree. The fruit looked tempting in the distance, and exhausted as we were, we started in a run, and soon were hard at work sucking the juice. We staid full half an hour, and when we again started we were much refreshed, though our mouths suffered much by the orange skins. We quickened our steps and soon came in sight of a hut, tenanted by some slaves of a planter who lived just below. We walked in and asked for water. One of the negroes handed me a large bowl, and I did not let it go untill I had finished it. Whilst waiting for more, the old planter came up, and immediately questioned me of our whereabouts; I informed him, that we had ascended the Sugar Loaf. He looked perfectly astonished, and informed me that no Portugese had ever been to the

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summit. He invited us to his house, and we all walked down with him. He lived on the banks of the bay in a most magnificent dwelling. Outside his house was an arbour in which we all entered, and sending into his house for some gin and wine, he invited us to make ourselves at home. His daughter soon came in accompanied by a servant carrying a tray with a bottle of wine and gin, some cake and a panier of Oranges. The young lady was about eighteen years old and was the handsomest female I had seen since our arrival. The taste and beauty in which she was dressed, caused me to look at myself and our band. There was not a behind to the whole seven pair of pantaloons. Our hands and faces were dirty and our coats and shirts one coat of mud. Only three of us had anything like shoes, and these three were merely apologies. Our caps were all there with the exception of Grants and his auburn locks were bound up in the handkerchief, out of which we squeezed the water the night before. Our hair stuck out forty ways and altogether we were fit representations of the five points. I was now reminded that an apology was necessary, which I gave in as good Spanish as I could muster, and which was very graciously received. He pressed us to partake of the wine and liquor, and we did justice to both. After spending some ten minutes in this delightful company, we prepared to depart. We asked the nearest way to the hut in which we had left the boat, and found that it was on a portion of the estate of the Planter and that a path led from house to house. We left with hearty thanks and touching our soiled tiles to the fair girl backed, rather than walked out of the Pavilion in order to show our righteous and not holy parts. We soon came in sight of the boat, and it was with a hearty good will that we shoved her out in the bay. After an hours row we came in sight of the 'Linda', and discerned from her quarter deck, the whole of the association, gazing earnestly after us. We was received on board with rejoicings, and found that our continuing we had been the subjects of great uneasiness. They had sent both boats in search of us the evening before, and not finding us or seeing any trace, they had given us up. Part of them had sat up all night, and at daylight all had turned out, and were watching earnestly for some sign of us. When the first glimpse was caught of us through the spy-glass, Old Mr Corse, Williams father sat down and cried. On our arriving on board, we were fairly carried below, and our clothes taken off, and after taking a bath, I was washed and rubbed dr with linen by Eyckman and Jim Wright. After being dressed in clean clothes and getting warm flannel on we felt much better, and our breakfast having been got ready, we sat down and eat with a hearty good will. I was then put to bed and after taking a good nap for an hour, I was informed that our start was fixed for to-morrow. I immediately got ready to go on shore, and going up to Hues store purchased some preserves which I ordered home, and a few private stores for our trip round the Horn. I then left a bundle of letters to be sent by the Bordeaux, and went to bid good bye to some friends whom acquaintances I had formed since my stay. I took my letter of introduction, kindly presented to me by my friend Mr. Hue and called upon Mr Louis Burdell, but unfortunately he was not at home. After having taken my last good dinner at the Hotel Pharoux I returned on Board. In the afternoon a party was formed to row around among the vessels at anchor, I was one of the number. The Ship Weather from Boston had arrived and from her we received a paper from New York to the third of April. This created considerable excitement on board the 'Laida' as we found our names published in it. It gave us a full account of the storm in New York just after we left, and caused us some anxiety for fear our friends might suppose we were caught in the same hurricane. It also brought news of the disbandonment of the Audubon party bound for California. In the evening we staid on board the Barque, too delighted with the reflection of so soon leaving the city of Rio, whose laws and government could never suit a republican democrat. You are forbidden to land on shore or even leave the ship untill you call at the guard boat, and have your boat and persons examined. This is an imposition which is hard to be tolerated. In the streets you meet hardly anything but blacks and they are on the same footing as the whites. They are an amusing class. They go through the streets nearly naked, and always singing whilst at work. The Coffee Carriers are preceded by one of their number shaking a baby rattle, and the rest joining in a bedlam chorus of inarticulate sounds. There are no good looking Portugese women in the place, and the only handsome one I chanced to see, was the little French girl in the Hotel Lion. In the evening we all took a bath from the side of the vessel and at nine o'clock I turned in mighty tired.

iday May 25. It was very late this morning before I turned out, and when I did the market boat was alongside, and the boys had at it buying fresh rolls, bananas, and oranges. I went in for my share, and after breakfast went below to fix up my room. My things from Mr. Hues had come on board including three hundred oranges at fifty cents an hundred. Having placed everything in order I returned on deck. The Captain had gone on shore to get his chronometer, and the crew were busied in making sail or

The Ship Creator and Marianna bound for California started out about ten o'clock, and whilst we were still laying waiting the Brig Bordeaux bound to New York giving our letters on board passing by. At twelve o'clock the Captain arrived and all sail was immediately crackled on the Ship. but the land breeze was about done, and when the anchor was boused up we were hardly moving. As we passed the Fort of Santa Cruz we were hailed and gave the pass word 'Catalina' the warder from the fort then gave us three hearty cheers through his trumpet which were responded to in true Yankee style. After passing the fort the wind went down and the sails flapped idly against the mast. The quarter boat was immediately lowered and manned and a line passed from the jib boom. In this way we towed the ship for about an hour, when the sea breeze setting in, the boat was hoisted to the Quarter and with all sails full we stood for the passage between Raza and Redonda Island, through which we passed about three o'clock. On coming up from dinner we found that both the Creator and Marianna were astern so that in two hours sailing we done the business up for them. We were mighty glad to be once more afloat, and we all began to give serious thoughts to Cape Horn, as we had heard such bad tidings from the Barque Mazeppa which had arrived in Rio on Thursday, having been down as far as the Falkland Islands and there lost her bowsprit, obliging her to put back for repairs. Her passengers gave an awful account of their sight of the Elephant, which rather gave some of our members the nervous jinders. However as the day was beautiful they were soon singing and in the evening we had a grand cotillion on deck, which sent us to bed in excellent spirits.

Saturday May 26. On coming on deck this morning we found that the Creator and Marianna were still in sight, but far astern, the wind blew fresh all day and we were going before it with all studding sails set ten knots an hour. In the afternoon the Marianna was out of sight astern, but the other ship kept her distance well. The wind continued increasing during the night and on

Sunday May 27 the spray was flying over our bows at a tremendous rate. The Divine gave us an excellent sermon off the Quarter Deck, at which all the members and most of the crew attended. I find myself taken down very low by the dysentery which had set in at Rio, and I was confined to the cabin for two days, during which time I was carefully nursed by the members and

any thing done for my comfort. In the night the wind was very squally and we were obliged to take in all the studden and lighter sails. At eight o'clock in the morning
Monday May 28 the wind came out dead ahead, and we were obliged to lay as close as we could and beat our way. On this day we parted company with the Creator. The gale continued throughout this day but on the next morning the wind lulled and we had a continued fine run. My sickness still kept me down in spite of the medicine I took. I was deprived from eating Oranges or other fruit and was forced to live mostly on water gruel
Friday June 1. This morning the wind came strong from the South making the air very cold so much so that we were forced to pull on our thick clothes and overcoats. The sea was pretty rough, and a large number of sea gulls and Cape pigeons came round the vessel. We immediately commenced hostile preparations against them. We got small fish hooks and baited them with pork. The gulls were very hungry bit at these, and as they bit a turn till we succeeded in capturing some twenty odd which we immediately picked and converted into a pie. The first bird that was caught created considerable excitement, and was the subject of much inspection. They cannot stand on the deck, being web footed and their legs are so tender they cannot support the body. So from this we would judge they never were on land. Their feathers are as fine as down and in great quantities. The day passed very quickly although it was cold and dreary. In the night the wind again shifted and continued favourable untill
Thursday June 7, when it again came out ahead and we were obliged to stand off close to the wind. At twelve o'clock we descried a sail standing down for us, which in an hours time we came up to and spoke. She was the Barque Griffon from New York, sailed from New York March 14th and had stopt at no port. She requested us on parting company to report her on our arrival in California, which our Captain kindly promised to do. On our filling away she gave us three cheers, which were heartily returned with three more. She tacked ship and followed us. We continued sailing in company during the day and at night were in speaking distance of each other.
iday June 8. At eight o'clock this morning the Griffon was about quarter of a mile off and the wind had died away leaving us in a dead calm, which continued during the day, but at eight o'clock in the evening the breeze sprung up and we both stood off keeping close together during the night. The next morning
urday June 9. the wind came out right aft, and with studden sails set we continued on our course, keeping well together during the day, but as night came on

we were gliding ahead and leaving our companion astern. The evening was remarkably clear and cold, but we stuck to the deck and concluded the evening by a Spanish dance. The Magellan Clouds were plainly visible and from their notoriety were objects of considerable attraction. The boys were scattered below, playing all sorts of games.

Sunday June 10. On going on deck this morning the Griffon was hardly visible and towards twelve o'clock she was entirely lost astern. Mr Burrill gave us an excellent sermon on the season and our position which was well received. The day was very pleasant, and as the winds were favourable the time passed very rapidly. The birds continued in great numbers, and we would often be feasted with a fine stew or an original sea-pie.

Wednesday June 13. This day at twelve o'clock the Captain announced to us that we were of the Falkland Islands. The day was very cold and ice had formed in several places on the rigging. The sea was washing over the bows, to the great injury of our pigs, two of whom died by cold and one froze to death. The crew were employed in taking down the mizzen top-mast, and the main royal yard, which gave the Linda the appearance of being dismasted. She rode the waves much easier with this heavy top rigging down, and was now in a fair condition to stand the boisterous Horn.

Sunday June 17. This day we were treated for the first time with heavy squalls and snow which was a decided novelty for us land pirates, who had never seen snow in the month of June. The snow fell quite heavy and we were treated with a snow balling frolic. In the afternoon a quantity of Albatrosses surrounded the ship, and as they were fine game hooks were immediately baited for a bird frolic. After a few attempts we succeeded in baiting a handsome white one. On drawing it up under the stern it was found to be an immense bird and not wishing to loose him we run a running bowline round his neck and landed him safely on deck. His bill measured eight inches, and from tip to tip of wing his measure was ten feet. He was very savage and would not let any one approach him. Like the Gulls they could not support themselves on their slender legs, and could not raise themselves from the deck. At night we killed him and after skinning him hung the carcass up in the rigging to air. His head we dissected and saved the skull. The skin we attempted to dry, but on account of the dampness, we did not succeed. The next day we had the bird served up in a stew which furnished a hearty meal for ten of us. They all pronounced the bird excellent and tasted decidedly moreish

Tuesday June 19. The wind came out ahead again to day, and as we were in the latitu of Cape Horn at twelve o'clock, it was very discouraging. The Captain stood directly for where he supposed the Cape to be, and at three o'clock we were surprised by the cry of 'Land'! We soon came up close, and were delighted with a sight of Hermit land being the first land above the Cape. It was a high range of mountains entirely covered by snow, and as the suns feeble rays struck it, appeared one glare of ice. We tacked ship and stood for the South and East. A heavy snow squall came up during which the crew took in our quarter boats and placed them on deck. The stern boat was also lashed on the Booby Hatch. When the squall subsided we found ourselves close in to sight of the Cape. Cape Horn is one solitary island, with a pyramidal mountain, covered like Hermit land entirely with snow and ice. The sight was beautiful in the extreme, and as we were more lucky than most persons rounding the Cape, in having seen it, most of the members set to sketching. We continued in sight of this barren land, on which no man has ever trod, until dark. In the evening we passed close by a Brig, and run our ensign to the peak, but, from some cause she did not return our signal. After passing her, she tacked ship and stood after us. The days had now got to be very short. The sun rising at half past nine o'clock and setting at half after three. This produced very long nights, and in the mornings we would find ourselves almost worn out by sleep. From the shortness of the usual amount of daylight our grub was diminished, leaving us with two meals a day. One at eight o'clock and dinner at four in the evening. The weather was now so cold that we were glad to stick below, and the cabins were filled with musical clubs and parties of whist and dominoes.

Wednesday June 20. The wind still continued out ahead, and the weather gave us little hopes of bettering our situation. Snow Squalls were now very frequent and some very heavy. To day at ten o'clock we discerned the stars still in the heavens, and at twelve the morning star could be seen plainly. At nine we descried a sail ahead of us, on which we gradually gained and at twelve o'clock came up to. She proved to be the Ship Morrison from New York having left that port on the tenth of February. She had been very unlucky. In the Gulf Stream she was dismasted, and had to stop two weeks in Rio for repairs.